

how bad. Isa. 1: 18; John 3: 16; Jude 21-

23.

d. Jesus delights in our love. I John 4:

19.

e. What evidence have we that the woman had repented? v. 38.

f. A penitent sinner has a better chance of being forgiven than an impenitent Pharisee, tho he be religious. Matt. 21: 31. Let us not be Pharisees: Matt. 23: 13 15.

J. L. GILLIN.

Love That Passeth Knowledge

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest hell,
Is God's love to guilty sinners,
Who, thro disobedience, fell.
Why love them so?
I do not know:
But this I know:
Redeeming love, and it alone,
Can break a heart as hard as stone.

Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me.
Why love me so?
I do not know:

I only know
That nothing less than love Divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine.
Stronger than all evil powers
Is the fortress of our faith.
"Our life is hid with Christ in God,"
In Him we'll triumph over death.

Why love us so?
I do not know:
I only know
That for his boundless love to me
I'll praise him thro eternity.

Swifter than the swiftest seraph
Ever flew from realms above;
Swifter than the lightning flashes
Is God's swifter wing of love.
"Before I called
He answered me."
He loves me so.

But why? I'll know when I have lived
Throughout the countless years of God.

—New York Observer.

A New Dawn-break of Spiritual Power Needed

The following from *In His Steps* is a powerful sermon in a few directed words to both the pew and the pulpit:

We are living in a fast age. The spirit of the world has invaded the Church. We fail "to look unto the rock whence we are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we are digged." We have forgotten the days of the right hand of the Most High. David of old prayed and longed to see the power and the glory of the Lord, so as he had seen Him in the Sanctuary. But in these days preachers and people sometimes question whether it is possible to experience the Spirit's power as in former times. What we need is a mighty faith—a faith that moves mountains, and opens the windows of heaven for a flood-tide of salvation. As a gifted writer has well said: What the Holy Spirit did for the early church it alone can do for the church today. Works of art and mighty inventions and a world-wide commerce and the service of a thousand industries can never reach beneath the mortal surface, behind which the

soul wrestles with spiritual powers, and must enlist the championship of the Son of God to win the victory. The refined subtlety that would reduce the supernatural power and providence of God to mere wave and wind and sun and season of nature is the refinement of satan. The blinding glare of an electric age and the cushioned livery of luxury must not deceive any to thinking that they can get along very nicely without special attention to spiritual things. The most majestic monument of a life's labor, without God, will become a monument of ruin. Thro the silk and tapestry and speed and knowledge of our day the poor, weak soul looks shrinkingly for help. Let come what may, the world-spirit cannot get along with the divine Spirit. This age must not bury its soul among its achievements. We need a new dawn-break of spiritual power. Preachers must think more of their souls than their salaries. Laymen must love God's poor more than their pocketbooks. The nation's life must be in righteousness, or it will be a splendid galvanism destined for the fate of Babylon and Tyre. We need a nation of praying saints, then we would have a race of sinners saved by grace. This age, with all its improvements, must be consecrated to God. We must have a new Pentecost to make the generation of the twentieth century as sure for the kingdom as the Christians of the first.

FIRES THE BLOOD

B. C. MOOMAW

It is stated in the daily papers that recruits for the army are swarming in because the Manila battles "fire their blood," and they are eager to join in the fray. It will not perhaps be a popular or grateful task to scrutinize the sentiment which commonly passes for patriotism, to subject it to a cold and unsympathetic analysis, and to discover perhaps very much grosser elements of human nature wearing this popular mask. There is such a thing as patriotism, and it is a worthy and elevated impulse. The love of country, and the willingness to make sacrifices for her benefit, to offer precious gifts, even life itself, upon her altars, is one of the redeeming features in this variegated human nature of ours. But who knows in what degree one might be able to find the pure, unadulterated article, free from every element of selfishness, having no ulterior motive of selfish reward, or wealth, or fame, or power, or glory?

But probing still deeper into this festering mass of human nature, is it really patriotism which fires the blood of these recruits? Is it love of country which Philippino slaughter arouses in the breasts of our restless youth? Rings the death cry of ten thousand unfortunate natives so musically in the soil of liberty and equality? Does the aroma of blood shed in resisting foreign invasion awake the loftiest aspirations of freedom in the civilized invader? Fling aside the mask and see what fires the blood of these recruits. It is the cycle old thirst for blood. It is the recession of the primeval savage from whom

we sprang. It is the impatient rush of this old savage nature for the one open door which for a time relieves him from the constraint of law and civilization. It is the tiger given a day to range and ravage ere he is shut up again in his cage. It is the revelation of what lies beneath the thin veneer of modern civilization. It is a momentary uncovering of that great gulf which separates human nature from the nature of God.

We have read of the "delirious joy" with which soldiers slaughter and rout an enemy. The wild enthusiasm of the pursuit, the swift bayonet thrust, galloping squadrons on a pavement of human forms, the inspiration of an enemy's despair, the music of his agony and the glory of his murder. Fiends, even, do not destroy each other thus. And yet it is the prospect of this huge sport, this stalking of human game, this free reign to brutal passion and unspeakable savagery which "fires the blood" of our young men, hastening to enlist in the army.

One of the delusions of the populace is, that what the law sanctions is morally right. The law sanctions saloons, and therefore it is right to sell liquor. The law sanctions competition, and therefore it is right to hate your neighbor. The law sanctions war, and therefore it is right to shed human blood in battle. And these delusions are all the more strongly entrenched because they are agreeable, they serve a darling purpose, they harmonize with natural desire. What a vast reformation yet remains to be accomplished. What vital, tremendous revolutions must yet occur in society, what fundamental regenerations must yet be wrought out in human nature before the millennium is possible, or rather before millennial conditions are realized. Let us fervently pray: thy kingdom come. And let us lovingly cherish those communities, however small they may be, which in their opposition to war under any pretext, as well as in their opposition to the saloon and other vast iniquities of the world, are endeavoring to furnish at least a little foothold, in the midst of wide unpopularity and overflowing hostility, for those divine principles which must yet emancipate mankind. Herein is one of the chief justifications of our little fraternity. The Brethren church is, at least in some vital respects, a millennial church. God prosper it until the little seed thus sown shall fill the whole earth.

Church News

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Recurring to Rosena, I believe I may truthfully say that the climate is very healthy. The same may possibly be said of any of the foothill towns between Rialto and Pasadena. I have personally experienced its healthfulness on former occasions on returning home in an enfeebled condition and immediately rallied. I had the same experience on this occasion, and I surprised myself and my friends by the amount of work I daily performed in the way of packing books and household goods. During our sojourn